truly when they say that from the unused bits of pearly dawns the great gods fashioned the eyes of Eve.

But before you come to that, you will have sat out under the trees on the water front, where the fountain plashes all day long and the sunlight filters down through the complete cavern of the trees and the schooners from remote seas tie up to half-buried guns and anchors to off-load their wares. You will have sat on till the evening sun sets behind Moorea. , . . No ; honestly I can hardly write of it. It can scarcely be attempted. There is a little quarantine island, you see, a few hundred yards from the shore, a line of reef, a great bay. There will be white schooners to catch the glow. There will be clouds, for the Pacific always has clouds and subdued colour by day. And then, suddenly, on top of all that, will be thrown the frenzy of an advent, the conflagration of

a spiritual
world in flames, the light of all heaven
and all hell
flung to the infinite stars.